

## EL PASO HERALD

Established April, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMER. NEWS-PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice at El Paso, Tex., as Second Class matter.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas, and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

Business Office ..... 1115  
Editorial Rooms ..... 1115  
Society Reporter ..... 1015  
Advertising Department ..... 1115

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Daily Herald, per month, \$1.00. Weekly Herald, per year, \$12.00.  
The Daily Herald is delivered by carriers in El Paso, East El Paso, Fort Bliss and Towne, Texas, and Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, at 60 cents a month.  
A subscriber desiring the address on his paper changed will please state in his communication both the old and the new address.

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No. 97. *De la Cruz* Secretary.

## Throttling Texas By Law

IF IT WAS necessary for the legislature to pass the notorious I. & G. N. bill in order to validate a lot of claims held by damage suit lawyers and speculators in east Texas, then the least the legislature can do to remedy in part the wrong done west Texas and the rest of the state by the law, will be to repeal the law after the receivers' sale during the first week of the regular session, and advertise the fact of repeal in every daily newspaper of the United States.

The effect of the I. & G. N. bill is to stop for the present all railroad construction work under way and projected, and to injure for years to come the standing of Texas, and all Texas enterprises, in the financial markets of the world. Nothing short of absolute repudiation of all municipal and county indebtedness could have created such an unfavorable impression as this law, passed almost unanimously during the extra session of the legislature.

In effect, the new law casts a doubt upon the validity of every railroad and industrial mortgage now or hereafter to be issued in the state, and until the law is held unconstitutional, which it probably will be, every investor in Texas securities will wish he had his money somewhere else.

This confession is humiliating to the last degree, and yet it is necessary to state the facts in all their cruel harshness if the people of this state are ever to become aroused to the importance of nurturing the industries, developing the resources, and protecting the financial credit of Texas.

New railroad construction in progress or in prospect to cost upwards of \$50,000,000 has been stopped and abandoned temporarily or permanently, as a direct result of the enactment of this I. & G. N. bill at Austin.

El Paso loses directly through the abandonment of plans for the extension of the Quanah railroad from the Red river to El Paso by way of the Pecos valley. B. F. Yoakum, chairman of the board of the Frisco system, and the most progressive railroad builder Texas has ever known, gives his views as follows on the effect of the new law: Mr. Yoakum's brother is interested in the Quanah, Acme & Pacific road, and the Frisco system has always been regarded as looking with special favor upon the construction plans of this new line to El Paso, which would be 250 miles shorter than any other line between here and St. Louis; says Mr. Yoakum:

"I don't believe that any new railroad enterprise whose mortgage does not antedate the enactment of this law, can sell bonds at 50 cents on the dollar for any existing railroad system."

"I know of one specific case where the construction of approximately 350 miles of railroad was being financed through the Panhandle of Texas to the Rio Grande that has been indefinitely postponed, and will probably not be taken up again for some time, if at all. [This is the proposed line from Quanah to El Paso.] Investors of money, especially those of trust funds, or for estates, are scrutinizing very closely the character of investments, and they would not feel justified in buying a first mortgage bond which in reality would not, under all circumstances, prove to be a first mortgage; nor would they take the risk of buying a lawsuit with the state to test the validity of the law. I am afraid we are hung up on new railroad construction for some time."

"The very fact that the bill passed almost unanimously may cause people to feel uneasy until the people who are earnestly working for the development of the state make it clear that they are in sympathy with such legislation."

The bill in effect subordinates a first mortgage on a railroad to current indebtedness, claims for damages, and accounts or obligations incurred for running expenses, labor, supplies, repairs, etc. The terms of the law are such that a first mortgage on a new Texas railroad issued subsequent to the enactment of the new law would not find a market in any financial center in the world.

The moral effect of this blow to the state's reputation will long survive the actual force of the law, even if it be repealed or held unconstitutional. How long will Texas submit to be so misrepresented at home and abroad?

## Victory and Defeat At Saratoga

THEODORE ROOSEVELT has again proved himself to be the master politician. In New York he has the sentiment of the majority with him, and sentiment is worth more to a politician as an asset of strength than all the other factors of political support put together. Roosevelt calls himself a "progressive," but he is also a great stickler for party regularity, and he has taken the most effective course in fighting for the control of the party machinery rather than giving sanction to an independent movement. A party machine, such as the Republicans have in New York state, is a tremendously powerful organization, and by capturing the organization, Roosevelt has insured much more support and permanence for the reforms he advocates than if he had undertaken to rally his forces around another standard.

Roosevelt's victory was substantial enough to leave no possible doubt as to the preference of the majority of delegates. The Roosevelt fight, in its bitterest form, came up after the election of delegates, so that the success of the ex-president in the convention may be regarded rather as an expression of general protest against the course of the now repudiated party leaders, than as a personal tribute to Col. Roosevelt.

The result of the contest probably insures the victory of the Republicans in New York at the presidential election two years hence. It will also probably save the state to the Republicans this fall, unless the Democrats put up an exceptionally strong man for governor. The Hughes administration has been very satisfactory to the independent elements of the state, and there is no general desire to overturn existing conditions as long as progressive men, with due regard for the desires and needs of the masses of the people, are kept in positions of authority.

The most unfortunate thing about the New York situation is the position in which the vice president of the United States has placed himself. The vice president has no more business than the president to engage in local political fights, such as this in New York state. A due regard for the dignity of the office would have prevented Mr. Sherman from exposing himself to such a rebuff. Elevated to the vice presidency, any man should, during his term of office, refrain from participating in bitter factional and partisan fights of purely local consequence, for the dignity of the high office and the respect of the people of the whole country are at stake in such a situation, and Mr. Sherman has not been exhibited to advantage at any time during this New York state controversy.

Throughout the convention session at Saratoga, Col. Roosevelt appeared to excellent advantage, tactful, efficient, aggressive, persistent, but good natured always. He is the strongest man in our political life today, and the most influential personality in the world.

Good roads bond issues are the fashion in Texas. Taylor county (Abilene) has just voted \$150,000, and nearly 200 counties in the state are engaging in some systematic, modern road work. Incidentally it may be remarked that the state government is doing absolutely nothing to help the good work along.

## UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

THE other day a damsel fair, whose name I've laid aside, somewhere, procured a gun, to death inclined, and tried to end the beastly grind. She left a note in which she said she'd be a whole lot better dead. "I've failed at everything," she wrote; "misfortune early got my goat. I've written drama, tale and play, but publishers most always say, 'Oh, maiden, take your blooming junk, and with it line your tourist's trunk!' I've tried and tried, and can't catch on, my hopes are dead, my watch is pawned; but I have got a loaded gun, and so good bye to every one!" She tried to work the magazine, but never thought of fishing beans in some hash joint, to which no one read, but never thought of baking bread, and tens of thousands like this maid are going hungry, cold and frayed, and saying that the world's a fake, and life a big three-cornered ache, because they will not shed their coats and get right down to work like goats. It's better to politely starve than have a good big roast to carve that's earned by sweating in the sun; and hence the farewell and the gun.

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*Dear Ma*

## The Pretty Cook's Right She's Treated Better Than One Of The Family

By Kenneth Harris.  
"I WANT some Worcestershire sauce," said the pretty cook. "That ain't the kind you generally use, Evelina," said the grocery boy. "It goes, though. Talking about sauce, number six, double three one is going to lose their girl. She's another red head." "Did they get gay with her?" asked the pretty cook, patting the flour from her hands. "Sure. They told her she was no good and if she didn't get out they'd call the patrol wagon and put her out. She said for them to go right ahead and call their old patrol and see what good it did 'em; but she's going to quit just the same. She says she can't stay where she ain't happy and she can't feel happy when folks talk to her that way." "I should say," remarked the pretty cook.

"Your folks ever say things like that to you?" queried the grocery boy. "Not that I've heard of," replied the pretty cook.

"Nice people, ain't they?" queried the grocery boy insinuatingly. "How's the old dame?"

"It's this way with her," the pretty cook informed him. "When she comes into my kitchen she knocks." "Most of 'em do," murmured the grocery boy, sympathetically.

She had her trained. "At the door," supplemented the pretty cook. "She understands that the kitchen is my place and she hasn't any business there if I don't want her. That's one thing."

"That's all right," approved the grocery boy. "I suppose you let her have the run of the rest of the house?"

"Another thing, if she wants anything, she asks for it politely," said the pretty cook, nodding emphatically. "She says, 'If it wouldn't be too much trouble for you, I would be so grateful if you could think you could manage it, please.' It would be lovely in you if you could. That's the way she talks. If I could anything she doesn't like, she doesn't say anything about it, as when I give her something she does like, she can't say enough."

"Just exactly the way my boss is with me," said the grocery boy. "If I do anything he likes, he doesn't say a word, and if I do anything he doesn't like, he can't say too much to relieve himself."

"Then she takes care that I don't have too much to do," continued the pretty cook. "If there's company, and extra work, she gets in extra help for me to wash the dishes and pare the fruit. If she has a party, she'll put a dollar or so on my week's wages."

"Go on talking," said the grocery boy. "This listens like a sweet dream. It's no dream," declared the pretty cook. "If I wanted she'd have a caterer, but she says I can do it so much better she doesn't mind it costing a trifle more. She doesn't bid in with her own idea, either. She says, 'We would like to have 12 people and I leave it to you what to give 'em. You know what's in the market, and you've got good judgment. Get whatever you like.'"

"That's how it is, it seems as if you might throw a little more my way, Evelina," urged the grocery boy. "If I threw some of the things I want to your way and they hit you, you might have to go to the hospital," said the pretty cook.

"Go on telling me the way they treat you. It's pleasant," said the grocery boy.

Daughters Were Different. "Well, they just treat me right," said the pretty cook. "If I want anything I get it. I have time off whenever I want it and she's always bringing in something or another. Sometimes it's flowers for my room. And if I see him on the street any night I was going to the theater because it went well with my dress. If she gets theater tickets and can't go any time, she always turns 'em over to me."

"I suppose that cross-eyed milkmaid comes in on that," said the grocery boy enviously. "That's none of your business," the pretty cook reminded him.

"I suppose she's a terror," suggested the grocery boy. "He treats me like a gentleman should treat a lady," replied the pretty cook. "He's ordered a taxi on more than one rainy night to take me home, and if I see him on the street any time, he tips his hat to me."

"The reason I was asking was that the girl three doors down told me she heard they was always scrapping," said the grocery boy. "She said their daughter run off an' earned her own living because they was so mean to her."

"Well, I guess that's all true," admitted the cook, "but daughters is different. They know they've got to be decent to me or there'd be trouble."

He thought it worth while to marry her. I had a small millinery business of my own and she was a real help. She would mend his ways and look around for some work.

"But he didn't keep his promise. Three months ago our baby was born. I was left very ill—almost dying. I was in bed for weeks. When I was lying ill the business went to ruin, and everything had to be sold up. I begged Duncan to ask his father to help us, but he wouldn't. One morning a policeman brought word that Duncan had been picked up dead in the street. He had been drinking heavily the night before, and had had a fall. When I was able to leave my bed I had only a few dollars left in the world. I spent my last penny yesterday. The way he was, of course, but—" Her voice faltered and she burst into tears.

"You have come to ask Col. Osmond to help you?" interposed her companion in a tone of sympathetic interest. "Yes, he and I are homeless and friendless. Baby and I, and—we are starving."

The young man knitted his brows thoughtfully. "I will say a few words to the colonel on your behalf," he proffered. "I know your story. You'll know his decision in a little while."

He rose and left the room. After a brief absence he returned. Marion's heart beat rapidly as he cleared his voice to speak.

"I have stated your case to Col. Osmond and he wishes you to call again in a week's time. If he is then well enough to see you himself he will do so. Meantime, you will want a little money. I am instructed to hand you this sum."

He laid \$10 on the table. "You may stay here for the night, if you wish. I will tell one of the servants to prepare a room for you. But, first of all, you must have something to eat. Your body needs feeding, too. Come and let us take the burden of your care."

He led Marion out into the hall and along a gloomy passage into the kitchen.

"I'm sorry I can't ask one of the servants to wait on you just now," he said, apologetically. "But a couple of them are away and the others are busy upstairs looking after the colonel."

When he had gone, Marion, with some reluctance, opened the door of the cool, spacious room where the household provisions were kept. A bowl of milk standing on a shelf caught her eye. She at once searched about the kitchen for a small saucepan, and in a little while she had a quantity of the milk over the fire, and was feeding her hungry child from the bottle which she had carried with her that day, and which had long been empty.

Half an hour passed, but no one appeared. She wondered if she had been forgotten. After a time, feeling that there would be no harm in trying to attract attention, she opened the kitchen

## American Funeral Directors and the Art Of Embalming

VARIOUS FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

THE National Funeral Directors' association meets in Detroit in annual convention today. The association has a membership of approximately 10,000, and a large proportion of these attend the annual meetings. The most interesting matter that will claim the attention of the convention is that of reducing the number of funeral directors and undertakers in the business. For many months there has been a widespread agitation against the high cost of funerals. The unprofessional methods of advertising have been a protest against the prevailing idea that undertakers levy heavy toll on the woe and distress of those who have lost loved ones.

**Business Overcrowded.**  
The undertaker who regards his work in the light of a profession, declares that there is no other business more overcrowded, and that with 23,000 undertakers in the country there is an average of only one funeral a week for each of them. He feels that there ought to be some way to reduce the number of undertakers to about half the present number, and that in such reduction lies the secret of more reasonable funeral expenses. It is asserted that one of the reasons for the public belief that the undertaker makes a huge profit out of his business is the fact that in making his charges for a casket or coffin the undertaker often includes in that charge his own services and that of his assistants; whereas, he ought to make a specific charge for the casket and another for services and extras. The question of accounting and that of limiting the number of undertakers, are the most important that will come up before the convention.

Another matter that will be brought up is that of attempting to persuade Congress to forbid the burial of any American citizen at sea. In addition, the undertakers would require every steamship line carrying passengers out of American ports to be equipped with necessary facilities for bringing back to shore the body of any citizen who may die at sea. Most of the lines out of American ports now carry coffins for this purpose. The undertakers are for a worldwide abolition of sea burial.

**Trust Was Formed.**  
At one time it seemed that the National Association of Funeral Directors had solved the question of an overcrowded profession. There is a companion association known as the American Burial Case association. About 1890 there was an agreement entered into between these two associations, stipulating that the Funeral Directors' association should buy no caskets or other funeral goods not made by the members of the Burial Case association. In return for this concession the Burial Case association agreed to sell funeral goods to no one but members of the Funeral Directors' association. When the Burial Case association ordered goods from a member of the Burial Case association, he was advised that goods could not be sold him until he joined the Funeral Directors' association. When he sought to do this, he was told he would have to obtain the endorsement of the members residing in his country. This was seldom forthcoming, and the agreement never successfully limited the number of undertakers who could buy funeral goods from any of the big houses.

**Texas Embalms Whale.**  
A most remarkable feat of embalming was accomplished by a Galveston, Texas, embalmer, when a humpbacked whale, measuring 62 feet and weighing 110 tons was caught and killed near Galveston. An amusement enterprise man wanted to exhibit it in Houston. He called in a Dallas embalmer to render the bulk immune from putrefaction. He pumped dozens of gallons of formaldehyde and permanganate of potash into the flesh of the whale, with the result that it was brought into such a perfect state of preservation that it was made exhibitable.

It is thought that the electric hearse is destined to succeed the horse drawn vehicle. Wherever the electric hearse has been introduced it has proved popular. In a few cases these have been built large enough to carry the coffin and the whole funeral party as well. In some cities, notably Chicago, where the cemeteries are located some distance from the city, the electric hearse is used to transport the body to the place of interment.

Then some undertaker who was refused admission in the association, thought himself that this was a violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. A motion of the Sherman name of a Knight started matters by instituting suit against the Kansas Funeral Directors' association, and his triumph in the courts was the signal for similar steps elsewhere. It resulted in an entire abrogation of the working agreement between the associations. Since then the effort to limit the number of undertakers has been made through legislation creating a state licensing board. This legislation has gone through in many of the states, although governor Hughes of New York and governor Harmon of Ohio, in their respective states, have vetoed bills favored by the funeral directors.

**America's Embalmers in Lead.**

It is said that at no great funeral was such a sad mistake made as at that of King Edward. In England the science of embalming never has reached the perfection attained in this country. The preparation of the remains of the dead king was left to the physicians who had attended him. Inventions had been sent to take a last look at the features of the departed sovereign on a certain day. Before that day arrived, however, it became necessary to close the casket and seal it up. The black crystals, which were used, were so much in evidence that the physicians had attempted to do the embalming was largely forgotten.

There is no other country in the world where the art of embalming has reached the degree of perfection that characterizes it in America. The coming empires have never reached the perfection attained in this country. The preparation of the remains of the dead king was left to the physicians who had attended him. Inventions had been sent to take a last look at the features of the departed sovereign on a certain day. Before that day arrived, however, it became necessary to close the casket and seal it up. The black crystals, which were used, were so much in evidence that the physicians had attempted to do the embalming was largely forgotten.

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(Continued on Next Page.)

door and stepped quietly into the passage leading to the hall. There he found a man about his own age, the secretary was in there. She knocked. Receiving no answer, she took the liberty of opening the door.

She paused for a while, a little surprised at her own boldness. Still, there could be no harm in her conduct, and it could easily be explained. She went to another door and, gaining no response to her knock, opened the door of the room at the end of the hall.

One quick glance around the room filled her with sudden horror and alarm. A large rug in the center of the room was ablaze, and in the glare of the flames she observed a human form, bound hand and foot, writhing on the floor by the door. It was that of an elderly gray-haired man, with a pair of piercing black eyes that gazed up pleadingly at her. The flames of the burning rug were reaching near him, creeping closer every second.

What could it all mean? For several seconds her amazement seemed to paralyze her, rendering her motionless and unable to speak. Then, in the light of the flames, she observed the helpless man, she rushed towards him and, exerting all her strength, dragged him into the hall. Then she hurried back into the room and, rolling the rug up tightly, extinguished the flames.

A minute later she had set free the unhappy man who had so nearly met his doom.

"Thank heaven you came in time!" he gasped fervently, as he sat up on the chair. "A few minutes more and I should have been in the clutches of the most horrible of deaths. Who are you?"

"I am a relative of Col. Osmond's. I'm staying here for the night. I don't seem to recognize you. I am Col. Osmond, and I was not aware that any relative of mine was receiving hospitality under my roof."

"You—Col. Osmond—Duncan's father," Marion spoke in an astonished whisper.

"You are surprised at that fact?" remarked the colonel.

"Yes," returned Marion. In a quiet voice, her manner suddenly becoming very restrained.

"I am curious to know which particular relative of mine you are," urged her companion.

"I'm Duncan's wife," Marion's eyes dropped, as she spoke.

The colonel stared with amazement. "How come you to be here?"

"I thought you knew," answered Marion. "Your secretary informed me he had told you my arrival."

"My secretary? I have no secretary!" Marion looked acutely puzzled.

"A tall, youngish man, with thin features," she explained.

Marion recounted briefly all that had taken place since her arrival that night at Telford hall.

"The clever, brazen, generous rogue!" exclaimed Col. Osmond when Marion had told him all.

faint, grim smile crept into the colonel's face. "I wonder if they've stripped the house very bare?" he went on. "A more impudent burglary I never heard of. I don't believe there were more than a couple of them. Each member of the household must have been gagged and bound in turn. I expect the knives are miles away by now, probably tearing along in a flashy motor car. Like reputable members of society. They put me in the room out of the way just as they were leaving one of them accidentally dropped a lighted match on the hearth rug. I watched it smoulder—for ages it seemed. Then the rug broke into flames and the fire began to spread. I managed to wriggle away from it towards the door, but it stole after me. The suspense was horrible."

The colonel gave a shudder.

"I wonder how the servants are faring? We must ask for them."

In the small hours of the morning the two servants who had been discovered bound and gagged in an upper part of the house, were loquaciously speculating in the kitchen as to the identity of the young woman with the baby, and Col. Osmond was pacing the floor of the library with the slumbering child in his arms. With a mother's joy, Marion sat watching him. His face wore an expression of unwonted tenderness and his eyes were irrepressibly moist.

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## Abe Martin

By Frederic J. Haskin



Tilford Moots is havin' his kitchen made smaller so his wife won't lose any time. Nothin' upsets a woman as much as th' marriage of someone she didn't even know wuz engaged.

## 14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1900.

J. F. Fairbault has gone on a Houston trip.

J. B. Baker of the United States army has arrived from the north.

Judge Loomis returned this morning from a San Marcial trip.

Alward White will leave for college at Brown, Texas, in a day or two.

Edward Caples, who has been attending school in St. Louis, is visiting his parents.

Reports from Chicago state U. S. Stewart is doing well and will be home inside of a month.

P. E. Kern, E. V. Berrien and Mrs. Lyons returned this noon over the Santa Fe from trips to the north.

E. C. Roberts is up at Engle today with Col. Englewood, president of the board of directors of the Boyd dam.

St. Ryan returned this morning from the land of the clam bake and woden nutmeg, much improved in health.

John Johns, of England, secretary of the English dam company, arrived this noon over the Santa Fe. He will open offices in this city.

E. T. Brodson has returned after an absence of two years. He will remain in town two weeks.

Presiding elder Corbin of this district of the Chihuahua conference, arrived this afternoon from the east and will remain in town a week.

Mrs. E. H. Tracey of California arrived from the west with her mother, Mrs. Lyon, of this city, and will visit here for the present.

Revs. Oxley of Trinity, Hoffman of the First Methodist, and Elliott of the Presbyterian church, made their farewell addresses Sunday in their respective churches.